



B. 100 (2)

Dec 20.

Arrived in Kilindini Harbour about 5 P.M. after
unsuccessful voyage. Met by McBride from the B.S.A.C.
who helped us through the Customs. Dined at the Club
& stayed the night at the Grand. Co. self to the King fit
& glad to get off the boat.

Dec 21.

Caught the train at 11 A.M. Very hot & dusty
journey.

Dec 22. Arrived Nairobi 11:15. Saw a good
deal of game on the way including Gnu, Kudu, Rhinos,
Ostriches & any amount of Kougou, Zebra, Grants
& Tommies & a few Impala.

Met at the station by Infant Ward & Vandeweyer.
Find that the arrangement is for Vandeweyer to take
us down to the Southern Gaaso area & the Loita
plains by an unused path from his farm.
A real good bath & lunch most acceptable and
then to work in the Boma by packing & selecting
stores etc.

Dined at the Club in the Infant, Bates Vandeweyer,
Delamere, Jimmy Elkington, H. Penton, Fitzgerald (in the
Blues to just in off Safari) & our two German friends

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From the Ship Barons von Plessen & Boecklin.
A most cheerful Evening!

Dec 23.

A busy morning packing our kit & making final arrangements, have cut off short etc etc.

Started after lunch & drove out to Bates' farm about 12 miles, having started the Safari off at noon.

Dec 24.

usual sort of small troubles with the Safari, but they melt away when tackled. 4 Porters are reported very idle, but hope that the cheerful promise of being well "psgad" may have the desired effect.

Today we are waiting for a wandoroko of Bates' to go with us & have been sorting ammunition & rearranging the Chop boxes.

We are going to eat our Xmas dinner tonight as we have got a very busy day on rough ground tomorrow.

There is no game here.

Latin

Went out in the evening & found some Kongoni & Impala however. C started to stalk them and turned them towards me. I am about a $\frac{1}{2}$ of a

Wielded cut them off & got 2 nice Eams
with my new Maublicher, one with quite a good
head running hard about 150 yards off.

Very pleased with the effect of the Maublicher.

Turkey & plum pudding & a pint of champagne
for dinner.

Dec 25. Xmas Day.

Rather late getting off the first day but managed
to start the Safari by 6 a.m. A very long & very
hard day about 24 miles over awful rocks &
loose stones up & down hill. Fortunately there
was a nice breeze but the sun was a scorcher
& our knees are terribly sore. We had to cover
the distance as there is no water before &
the country is terribly dried up & dusty.

A very severe day for the first one & our thirst
was something to dream of at home.

C shot a Kougoni on the way. I stalked and
hit a nice Grant with a good head, but un-
fortunately he just managed to reach the bush
very sick and I could not find him anywhere.

Poor devil - the Jackals will eat him tonight.

We are encamped in a hot & dusty valley

4.

by a waterhole filled by a little spring. No
grass & everything is filled with sand. We have
a shorter day tomorrow.

A Strange Xmas.
Dec 26. (Boxing day)

A very hot & dusty march about 15 miles and
some very rough going over awful rocks & loose
stones & up & down some bad hills. Off at 6 am.
we reached camp about midday & the tail
of the Safari was in an hour & a half later.
We each shot a nice Grant on the way.
Went out in the evening & was stalking
some Grant when Bates ran out from
camp to say he saw an Stand by itself some
way away. I went off as hard as I could
& the Stand turned out to be 2 oryx Bulls. I
got in as close as I could about 450-500
yards. There was no corn nearer & one of
them looked at me so fixedly I thought he
saw me, so I determined to try from where I was.
It was too dark to see the fore sight clearly, but I
saw my first shot strike just over his shoulder.

Against the Hill Side, so I hastily fired again a little lower & hit him as I found after rather high in the shoulder. He staggered round and I fired again but missed him. However he lay down & I walked him up & knocked him over about 50 yards as he attempted to make off.

It was close on 6 o'clock, so it was a very successful shot in a bad light. He turned out to be a young Samd Oryx (I had not shot or seen one last year) and his horns go just 30 inches.

After 7 when we got back to camp.

Before I went to bed I had drunk 10 cups of tea & 3 or 4 mugs of lime juice & muddy water & my mouth was still like a lime-kiln. I never saw such a desert of a country & the Sam beats down on the dry & dusty ground.

Fortunately we had a good deal of cloud for our trek. The water is old rain water left in a cleft in the rocks.

Saw a good deal of game during the day including Gazelle,eland, oryx.



Dec 27.

off at 8:45 and one of the most trying days I have ever had in my life. A good 20 miles under the worst Sun I have ever seen. The country dried & parched up & clouds of dust accompanied me as the wind was from behind. We reached the R. Guaso ^{hio} about 1:45 & the joy of seeing running water was great. My lips were covered with a sort of green shine & my tongue was too big for my mouth.

C. stalked some Oryx earlier in the day, but failed to get one, he shot a Zebra close down to the River. & I went for 4 wildbeest and had a shot at about 250 yards with my .375 & hit him some where very near the right place, but I expect I had not allowed for the wind, for after staggering about for a bit he joined about 200 Zebras & went slowly off. I followed about a mile but could not get up & was awfully beat myself & the River being only about half a mile off. I let him go. Not very sporting but the thought of running water was too much for me. I filled my water bottle & just poured it down.

7
cups of tea a little later & time just &
water soon put us right & C went out & shot
a war hog & a Grant. I shot some francolin
for the pot & Bates caught about a dozen
fish. A bath this evening was a treat that
would take a lot to beat.

We are going to stay here tomorrow & hunt
the country round. The porters have had a
terrible hard 3 days - about 60 miles - & very
little water. One of them ran away on the
March yesterday. I suppose he has made
his way back as we have heard nothing
of him. The heapa are getting them along
well & they seem pretty happy under
the circumstances.

Dec 28.

We went to visit the Zeha at dawn. We had
heard lions during the night & saw tracks from
the water. There was nothing about Zeha
though he was about half eaten by jackals.
We then separated, I going up the River and
C down. I had a stalk after 3 gnaffes
but failed to get close enough and did a



big circle round towards Camp but saw nothing but Zeta & a few Kongoni and Grant. I shot one of the latter near Camp. Zeta had lead. Earlier I hit a good west-hog land but he got down a hole and we could not dislodge him. I am having bad luck as I am not shooting at all badly, I have lost 3 traps already.

Bates and I have started lunch when the sensation of the day came. —

C arrived with a horse skin & a mangled porter. Fortunately the latter was not too much but had some nasty holes in his head, arm & hand — about 8 altogether.

So we set to work at once & syringed them all out well with strong Conosote Suthin etc. He was awfully plucky & hardly hurt when we syringed him and laughed over it. We then bandaged him well with a wash of boric lint soaked in the antiseptic orin pack wound. He had been mangled before & his head is deeply scarred already.

C's story was that the first of all came

across a lion & lioness, but too far off
to shoot & shortly after 2 lionesses.

He Bowled one over on the his 400 & had a
shot at the other but missed. The first one
meanwhile got up & bounded down towards
the river. He & his gun bearer & his boy
tracked her about a quarter of a mile through
the high grass down to the river and then
through the most awful jungle along the
river bank for about a mile. He then got
another shot at her and hit her again &
she fell down the River bank into a fearful
jungle of thorn trees. They could not see
her & after peering about & throwing stones
in - they conceived the further mad plan
of going in after her. They had hardly parted
the branches & got under when out she
came at them like a whirlwind. As good
luck had it she caught the porter. & fired
right in to her mouth breaking a tooth &
sheashing the skull on the other side &
she rolled down the bank but even then
was not done but sat uproaring when

C. finished her. It was altogether the maddest as well as hardest journey that could be conceived, but it has taught C a lesson & he will not do it again. And in future while we are here we shall hunt lions together.

The news of them is good. I was seen yesterday afternoon where I was this morning & we find the 2 Masai villages harried owing to their having so many cattle taken. So we shall stay here for a bit & see what we can do. As we came down here after lions - it seems promising.

I went out this evening & shot 2 Grant for meat, but failed to get any 2 for bait. We must get a lot of them out to bait in the mornings.

The wounded porter is a swell under the circumstances as can be expected. This is a very hot place but we have got trees to camp under; the fact is awful.

Dec 29

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We were out at dawn & did about 6 or 7 miles parallel with the river but saw nothing of lions. Our bait had been picked clean. We decided to camp where we were on the River bank and sent back for the Safari. They arrived about 3 PM. We are about 8 miles from our last camp and in a country that is reported full of lions by the Masai. We saw 1 dead & water buck & Impala as well as the usual Kongoni & Grant & Zebra, but did not go after them as we wanted lions. We shot 2 Zebra for bait near camp & are just going out again to try & shoot some more.

The heat here is terrific - we are in a sort of pan - and the flies are very bad, but no mosquitos. The wounded porter is as well as could be expected.

Dec 30

Out at dawn to visit our various bait, but there was no sign of lions. We then separated, Bates & I going one way & C the other.

I saw some Gnu & a Rhino in the distance, but did not go after them as they were moving pretty fast and there were no good heads distinguishable. I did a big circle but saw nothing of note & shot a Grant (Robutei) for meat with a pretty fair head.

C got back to camp about 1/2 hour later having lost a good water buck. He was photographing it but it was dead (as it had dropped to his shot & the Masai had driven his spear right through it) when it suddenly jumped to its feet, knocked over the boy that was holding its head & made off. C could not shoot as the Masai clung to its tail for some way and after tracking it about a mile eventually lost it. He shot a couple of Grant & 2 dik-diks for food.

Spent the afternoon in camp seeing to many odd jobs & getting ready a mail. Tomorrow we are sending back half the safari for pocho etc.

The wounded boy is doing fine.

Dec 31.

Got half the safari away in the 1 Curbar for pocho & mails & went out on opposite sides of

Tomorrow we shall shift as we do not seem likely to do any good in the hour.

Jan. 1. 1914

Rather of getting off with half the Safari this morning I had to leave loads behind which we sent back for on arrival in camp. Started the march with a climb of about 600 feet sheer. We had just resumed our march after resting when a honess appeared about 600 yards off crossing our front. She turned back at Bale and I gave chase but saw nothing more of her. Where they disappear to is a mystery. I had started off by himself in front of the Safari & also came across a honess, but she went off without giving him a shot. There was a lot of roaring & growling during the night & one came down to investigate camp & made an awful row growling about 100 yards off. We reached camp in about 3 hours & encamped under a big tree halfway down the slope to a nice stream. Very glad to get away from our last camp. It was fearfully hot & dusty. It is not so dusty & hot in Sacka hole

Consequently a bit cooler, though nothing to boast of. On arrival at camp we saw a herd of about 20 stand about a mile off & C & I went off to stalk them. After a long & careful stalk I got a shot at the only good bull as he moved away & was lucky enough to break his back. He was a gigantic beast with a splendid head. Hunted the whole country in the neighborhood of camp this morning but there seems very little game & what there is very shy & wild. Shot a couple of Zebras for bait.

Jan 2.

Away as soon as one could see anything & visited our kills, but they had not been touched. C & I then went on a long way up stream & visited all likely looking places for lions under the guidance of a Masai. We came across a herd of Impalala & I stalked them & got a good ram. After a bit we saw a Gnuaff & drew both of us to who should take the stalk. C was the winner & I stalked & killed him with a good shot. After a bit we came across a single Bull

Hand. I fired at him through some bushes
 & hit him as I afterwards found through
 the fleshy part of his neck - a bad shot. Away
 he went & we followed as soon as he stopped
 but he went off again long before we got
 near him. We found his spoor & I went
 after him. Fortunately he went rather towards
 Camp, for I followed him for a couple of
 hours as hard as I could go before I came
 up with him. He would not then let me
 come within 500 yards, so I eventually
 lay down & gave him one at that range
 with my Mauchien & hit him in the right spot
 killing him stone dead. A satisfactory ending
 after a bad initial shot. A good head, but
 not so good as C's yesterday which I think
 was an exceptional one. He is a very old Bull
 & has probably been turned out of his head by a
 young & stronger.

Got back to Camp at 2 P.M. & had been going
 hard most of the time since 5:30 A.M.

Bates had been out & shot some Zebra near
 C's Quaffer & we intended having a regular

lion hunt tomorrow & I can or burn all the likely looking places. This was the place the Masai had so many cattle taken & we saw some tracks going to water this morning. A new moon tonight.

Jan 3.

A blank day as far as I am concerned & I also though he had gone out again for a couple of hours & may get something. We were off in the dark this morning & visited our kills at the first daylight, but they had none of them been touched except the Giraffe so we carried them up into the thorn bushes & hope the lions may find them tonight. As we were coming up the Giraffe we saw 2 Hyenas that had been feeding on it coming back from water. We hid up & they came within 100 yards. I took one & I the other, but shame to say - we got beaten through C. hit his.

We soon after got on fresh lion spoor & followed it for 4 miles, eventually losing it. A Rhinoceros was sighted & we went after him, but he took flight away & was lost to sight. We hunted a

lot of dry Douglas & Larimer sections & coming across quite fresh & very large spoon in a dry water course, we started off to follow him. Presently his spoon was joined by another & later on by another. We tracked them for about 2 miles when we lost them, & returned to camp. A very hot antler day & a heavy Indian Sun.

Had a watched night last night & feeling rather moderate today. The flies are terrible & one can get no rest during the day.

Tomorrow we are going to begin where we left off today after visiting our bait.

Jan 4

A bad morning into a better evening.

Away at dawn on the hill & looking over hills but could see nothing there & we went off to try some dry Douglas & water courses where the Indians report the lions lie by day, about 4 miles away. On our way we saw 6 wildbeast & C & I stalked them. He took the first shot & hit his beast in the throat & they ran across our front. I took the biggest and

hit him well somewhere near the shoulder.
 Round heaped for about a minute & then
 he went shot as I thought through the heart.
 So I took no further notice of him & was watching
 C & the others when on looking round for him,
 I saw him making off going very sick but
 quite strong & I immediately got another shot at him.
 C meanwhile had collapsed outright.

We continued our way & hunted out some
 very likely looking dongas & places filled with
 good corn, but though we found where they
 had been lying up - it was a blank.

On the way back C shot a pretty good Grant
 & for the sake of meat I shot a Kongoni & I
 rather attempted to for I lost him in exactly
 the same way as the wildbeast.

That is 3 wounded Kraits I have lost already
 all shot with my .375, more than I lost in the
 whole of my last trip. It is primarily bad shooting
 of course, but bad luck as well and I hate it to lose
 anything wounded out. I shall use my
 Maublichee in future & rely on my big gun to
 stop a lion if we ever find one. They are



all round us here & we cannot light on one
anyhow nor will they look at our kills.
However we may some day hope on.

I went out again at 3:30 & before long shot
a little host of the darker or sick sick birds. I did
not get one last year. Very soon after I saw some
land & stalking them for fun, got right in to the
middle of them. I was within 20 yards of them for
a minute or two & they were so surprised, they just
stood & looked at me till I moved by to get out
my camera. There must have been over 30 including
a lot of totos. One fair full, but I did not want
to kill him. Soon after looking across the river
I saw a large herd of gnaffles stalking quietly along
about a mile away. So I went running ashore
as I could to cut across the wind, down into the river
and up the far bank and I was within 300 yards.

A colossal Bull gave me a good chance and
I hopped a maulstick into him and he rolled away
after the head. But he was going very short and I
got within 300 yards again and put one into
his heart. It was then 6 o'clock & only half an
hour daylight left. There were 30 in the herd,

and they were the most extraordinary I have ever
sight. If I had only had my panorama camera
with me.

I saw my gun bearer skinned away hard till it was
too dark to see, but even in the twilight of 10 p.m.
from camp, we could not turn the gigantic beast
over to finish skinning his back. So I returned
to camp by the light of the new moon & sent out
an Askari with a lamp & another boy with an
axe.

A late dinner & late bed in Taseghene.
Jan 5.

A morning off as rising at 4.30 was getting
rather a grind, he had a long lie till 6 a.m.
C & I then went away to hunt an enormous
ridge on the other side of the valley. We had
a big bog & stiff climb but found nothing
but Rhinos & a few small Buck. I found the
Rhino & sent for C as I do not want one
unless a big one & he killed it with one shot
in the back. It was a cow & quite a small
one. Got back to camp about 3 after some
hard home climbing, the boys with the mules



having lost us. There was no sign of the Kudu which were reported on the hill, but we may come across them later.

We move camp tomorrow to each of Buffalo & Fresh lions & as these here won't have anything to say to us.

Jan 6.

Moved this morning to our present camp about 5 or 7 miles. We are now encamped in a great natural basin with a nice little stream running through the middle. A gigantic hill faces us covered in the forest where the buffalo live as well as Rhinos & at times Slugs Ants.

We went out this morning in the opposite direction. I shot a fair Impala & am for fresh meat & C got a greater Bustard.

Tomorrow at dawn we hope to find the Buffalo. It is very hot in here but we get nice shade from the trees round the stream. The porters killed a Cerval Cat this afternoon & perhaps a leopard when cutting wood quite close to camp.

Jan 7

off 20 men before dawn to try and catch
 the Buffalo out feeding, but even so we were
 too late. They were only just in front of us as
 we spooned them up into the forest. We kept
 along their tracks as quietly as we could, but
 soon then I think they heard us for we found where
 they had been lying down in an open glade.
 We had gone about half a mile into the forest
 when we suddenly heard some thing move in front
 of us & peering through, could see some great
 grey forms about 100 yards off. C ran out a
 little to the right & Bates in the middle. I could
 only make out a great back & fired at that.
 The Brast pitched forward & went over but must
 have got up immediately & made off though I did
 not see him do so. C & Bates both fired as I did.
 C luckily got a broadside shot & hit his brast
 through the lungs, dropping it on the spot.
 Away dashed the herd with a tremendous crash
 and as we advanced they circled to our right
 & crossed the path we had come up. We had
 another glimpse of them through the trees



and I fired twice, but without effect. That was the last we heard or saw of them. I still thought my first shot had been effectual, but on getting to the spot, there was only one beast down with a bullet in its shoulder, so it must have been C's. Undoubtedly it was a cow, but a very good one with a good head for a cow.

So ended our first Buffalo hunt and if it was short, it was exciting.

I am hanging out of luck and very disappointed at not getting one, but hope things will improve. We are going out tonight to sleep on the hill with just our blankets, so as to be absolutely on the spot as dawn breaks & try to catch them before they get back to the forest.

Jan 8.

A good morning & worth an uncomfortable night. We lay out on a rocky hill side, at an angle of at least 45° on looking the track the buffalo gradually use coming out of the forest. We were up long before dawn - our only visitor had been a hyena & contrary to expectation, had slept quite a fair amount - & took up our position on a ridge, dividing

2 valleys, up both of which the buffs entered the forest. As it got lighter we made out 3 fading just below us. C & I immediately went down as quickly as possible whilst Bates watched from the top.

We scrambled to make a good deal of noise as the hill side was very slippery & quite bare except for loose stones. I took the first shot & the buff leaped forward when C gave him another & he disappeared in the bush. The other two dashed in, but came out immediately and we started on the nearest & biggest. He rolled away a short distance very sick & it was some time before we could make him out as he was not in the thick bush the first had gone into.

We got in close gradually, but it was some time before we could make him out lying down behind a thick tree. He got up when we were within 20 yards & a fusilade finished him. I think he was too sick to charge, but anyhow we did not give him a chance. By the time we had skinned him the porters arrived & we started to search for the other. We very soon found him stone dead. He must have died at once as the two bullets were close together behind the shoulder. They were two

Gigantic beast - very old bulls evidently. The one we had skinned just had a good bit the biggest span & longer horns while the second was more massive & a thicker, heavier beast generally.

We got back to camp by 10:30 and then enjoyed a breakfast more. The Sun was tremendous at 11:30 & we fairly put away the Coffee aided by the fresh milk from the ~~Pan~~ Masai Boma close by. The headman, a Gigantic Sarage, with a wall eye usually comes round & holds out a flat hand to shake & solemnly smokes a cigarette in silence.

Mahima, my last year's gun bearer arrived at 12:30 bringing a mail. I am glad to have him back. There are no letters from Bawdsey in the mail - they must have missed it somehow - a great disappointment.

Jan 9.

Away before dawn to look for 4 old Bulls the Masai reported, which lived outside the forest, but we could find no trace of them anywhere. C & I did along round, getting in about midday. I did not fire a shot. C killed a Topi

and lost an impala.

When we got in, we found the porters we had sent into Nainoli for pochs had returned bringing a mail.

Spent the afternoon in Camp writing letters & seeing to skins & shoeless oddjots. The flies are awful & the Camp is pretty foul. We are sending our heads into Nainoli tomorrow & the skins to Bata Duka into a couple of porters to look after them.

Jan 10.

Marched at dawn. On the way as C went to stalk some impala, a small herd of Topi ran across my front and I knocked over the two biggest, but alas both were cows. It was my own fault for being in a hurry & not looking at them in the glass.

A long march & we camped on the edge of the forest. A nice Camp but a long way from water. We are out of the thorn scrub now and in a lovely rolling grass country covered in patches of forest. Went in to the forest in the afternoon to look for Colobus Monkeys. I shot 2 & C 3.

Saw some fresh Rhinoceros tracks & old Elephant tracks.

Jan. 11

Away at day break - a fairly long trek but through a delightful country. I shot a couple of good Kongonis on the way. Very good heads. Just before we reached camp we came across a good wildbeest bull with a lot of Kongonis. I got within 300 yards & put a bullet into the right spot about 2 inches behind the shoulder. Round he spun & then went off very fast. I went for him again & put another in to him. But soon then he made off. I could see the bullet hole in his shoulder but he was apparently as strong as ever & though I followed him for hours - I could not get up to him. I saw him again this evening going down to water, but he was wary as anything & though I tried to cut him off, I could not get near him & darkness prevented me getting him. I can't understand it. He is the third I have shot but since I came out, and I know I hit him right. I hope I will get him tomorrow - I am in despair over him.

C. went out this morning to try & shoot some Zebra but failed by stang. As I was coming in in the dark this morning 2 horns roared quite close. We must find out some Zebra tomorrow and have a good try for them. There was a heavy rain storm this morning.

Jan 12

A heavy bag for the game took today. Away at dawn! Soon after C & I separated I saw a couple of wildebeest coming down the hill behind him, so ran & cut them off and killed the biggest - a poor head. I followed the course of the water which is almost dry & only a succession of water holes. About 5 miles from camp I saw a single wildebeest standing. An easy stalk and a short ~~stalk~~ crawl took me within 80 yards and I killed him stone dead through the neck. To my joy I found he was the one I wounded yesterday. I can't understand it. The bullet must have passed right through his heart if he had one & had expanded properly. I was very glad to put him out of his misery. A little farther on I came across a good

Kongoni, & put him in the bag. A good head. Continuing I found a good Topi with a head of Kongoni feeding on the plain. Not a particle of corn, so I had to take a fancy shot & knocked him over at a good 500 yards.

I now did a big circle towards Camp & just before getting there came across some Tominies. There was only 1 Buck, so I had to go at him, & killed him. I had & unfortunately a dog at the same time which was standing just behind him & which I had not seen.

A little further on I saw another wildbeast with some Zsha & I killed him at 300 yards.

I forgot I shot a pig earlier in the day, but when I picked him up, I was very disappointed in his head.

Got back to Camp about 2:30 - very thirsty and ready for lunch.

C had shot a couple of wildbeast, a Topi and an Impala.

I went out again in the evening to try and shoot some Zsha for bait, but could not find any in a suitable place. I however came across

3 Reedbuck and shot them as well as a kudu, 1 good head & 2 poor ones. Left 2 of them out for bait.

That made 7 different varieties in the day, 2 of which - Wildbeest & Reedbuck - were new ones.

An awful quantity of meat in camp.

Jan 13

C & I were away at dawn to visit our various bait for kudu - but as usual a Hank. I climbed a big hill at the back of camp & killed a good Impala on the top and a little buck, I think is a Chandler's Reedbuck. Anyway it is a new specimen. I should have got another but for a miss. Fine. I found my little down the other side of the hill except enormous quantity of Impala and the customary Zebra & Kudu. It was very hot and Shadyside climbed back again to the top when outrushed a pig - a very big old fellow & gave me a chance of a snap shot as he trotted in to the bush & I knocked him over stone dead. A lucky shot.

A good head with Jan tracks & some fine warts.

Got in at midday to find Chad only shot a kudu

Bates had had a shot at a leopard which he had wounded & had taken to the forest.

We are going out at 4 to sleep on the hill side in the forest in the hope of catching the Buffalo in the morning.

Jan 14.

We left camp at 4 yesterday evening and tramped for a little more than 2 hours & made our little camp under a splendid cedar tree, like a gigantic umbrella. A most glorious moon-light night almost as clear as day. We had a quiet night but alas about 3 am a very heavy white dust came down & filled the valley and we could not see a yard till 8.30. The Buffalo of course had gone & we had nothing to do but return to camp for a late breakfast.

I shot a Kongoni & a reedbuck in the evening & C another reedbuck.

Jan 15.

Marched at 6 am - along track about 23 miles but a good road. We are now encamped on a nice stream at Bates' Daka. C and I went out this morning but saw nothing except a few

Grant & Tommies. C killed a good wildfowl
out of a herd just before arriving in camp.
We are now on the edge of the Koika Plains
but there has been an awful drought and it is little
better than a desert with no food, so the game
has moved.

Jan 16.

A long lie & breakfast at 6 a.m. this morning.
We then went out with 30 porters & had a drive
along the bottom of the Hill for leopards or a chance
lion. C & I were had much faith in it as Bates
boys at the Duka spend their time shooting and
poisoning as far as I can make out. However
he said we were sure to see something - so we
went & of course was a blank.

On the way home we hunted out the bush down
the Eken, and I got a shot at a Bush Back.
He dashed through the bush quite close to me and
I tried to snap him, but missed him. However he dashed
on & into the open going straight away from & I had
just had time for a second shot & to my delight knocked
him head on heels. However he was up & into the
bush in a twinkling. I knew he must have got it

in the back & so he had, though he went a good
 quarter of a mile in the bush before we came on him
 finished ^{him}. Another new specimen - the 4th I think.
 I have been close to dozens of bush buck, but only
 in the thick bush & have never actually seen one
 before still less had a shot at one. I could have
 shot 2 cows easily & saw another buck, but he
 did not give me a chance of a shot.
 C & I went out in the evening to try & shoot a pigeon
 or two, but failed. However he shot a hare which
 will make excellent Soup.

Jan 17.

Marched at 6 & tramped down to the Guaso-
 Nyiro again & are now now encamped near
 our first camp here. The heat was terrific
 today. I don't think I ever felt it so hot. C
 shot a Grant on the way. On arrival at the
 River I shot a Wildbeast with a Jan head also
 a Kongoni both for lion bait. Bates killed also
 a couple of Zebra on the opposite side of the
 River. We must have a determined attempt to
 get a lion or two now as we know they
 are here. We have been lucky on the whole



otherwise, though we wanted more Buffalo and a good Rhino or two. I think C & I will both be glad when this Safari is over & we start out again on a fresh one. He & I got on excellently but the third is not always easy.

Jan 8

An unlucky morning. The lions were quite close all round last night & there was some fine roaring. We were away to visit the bait as soon as there was enough light to see our rifle sights. As usual there was no lion on them, though they were a good deal eaten. C & I were making down stream when we suddenly saw a lion & lioness on the other side of the river. We ran as hard as we could, but by the time we were across the river & within 200 yards of them they had disappeared. However Bates who had been on that side of the river had seen 2 more within 100 yards of him which had gone down into the river bed. We were hunting along the river for them when they rushed away, giving C a sharp shot which had no effect. I did not even get a glimpse of them. Meanwhile a fine Hackmained lion was seen going away

Quite close ~~from~~ ^{to} the place we had camped.
 That made 3 hours & 2 hours seem this
 morning quite close to camp, & when a shot.
 C then went down stream & I went up. Along ^{way}
 from Camp I came across a small herd of
 eland with a splendid big bull. I had a long stalk
 round as they had seen us and I had to climb an
 almost precipitous iron stone ridge. The stones were too
 hot to touch & the thorns awful, but I got within
 200 yards to find I could only see cows the old bull
 being behind a large bush. After about 5 minutes I tried
 to change my position but they saw me & made off.
 However they came into the open & the bull stood still
 for a second giving me a broadside shot at something
 over 500 yards and I put a bullet right onto his
 shoulder, completely paralyzing him and I walked
 up to him & shot him through the heart. A fine beast
 but not such a good head as my last one.
 I got back to camp at 2 pm. - quite hot. The heat
 is terrific & the sun tremendous. I found C had got
 a greenish with a very good head, also a moderate
~~head~~ pig. He had lost a gun aff. stem changed
 by 2 rhino. He proposes spending the night in a

tree on a Zsha killed by him last night. I would like to go with him, but shall not unless he proposes it as it was he found the kill.

Jan 19.

Another blank morning as far as the lions are concerned. They made a great row during the night, but we saw nothing of them this morning. I had an unsuccessful as well as uncomfortable night as the lions did not come back to their kill. I went down the river about 3 miles & then crossed the river & came back the other side. I had a difficult shot at a water buck but failed to get him. I shot a small duck in some reeds, which I think is another new specimen. Soon after crossing, my boys spied a solitary bull ox & I went for him. Naturally a lot of Zsha were in the way & their stampeding frightened him off & put him on the alert. I could get no nearer than 200 yards & made some wild shooting, hitting him 5 times before I dropped him. I found my rifle had had a blow last night & the sight was broken. I am putting a new one in, but I cannot shoot with it as yet. I dare say it is myself for the tremendous heat has knocked me out a little. I hope it is, for

if my rifle is damaged, I shall be done for the rest of
the trip.

I got in at 12 to find C had also got an Oryx,
a very fine one. He has been very lucky in the
heads, his good ones are very very good.

The Oryx are fringes - faded.

The porters we sent into Namah in the heads, should
get in this afternoon & bring a mail.

Jan 20.

A good day for C again as he got a lion this
morning - a good one with a good mane.
It's funny how all the luck goes to him.
We had been to visit one bait - to find it
all untouched & were working down the
river about a quarter of a mile apart - he
nearest the river - When he saw 2 lions on
the other bank. He ran to intercept them,
but he did not do so. However they ran into
Bates who was on the other of the river &
he turned them back, giving C a good headshot
shot at about 80 yards & he knocked one
one like a rabbit. I knew nothing of it till
afterwards and as he had a mail in to him

who could have reached me under a minute.
I think he might have sent me word as I might
possibly have got a shot at the other when
Bates turned them back. Considering all the
luck he has had, it seems a little hard.

However perhaps it may turn some day.
He and I stalked 2 waterbuck afterwards
& he had the shot but failed to get one. We
worked up the River after, but saw nothing
though there was heaps of lion ~~spoor~~ and
Hippo spoor.

We went out in the evening & while I lost a
fair waterbuck, knocking him clean over twice
& only losing him owing to the dark - C met
an out of the way good one & killed him.

It has been the same all through the month,
and his luck has been phenomenal. Most of his
heads are just on records while mine are ordinary.
The porters arrived in the mail - as an all one -
this afternoon. It is good to have letters.
Tomorrow we start back for Nairobi.

Jan 21

A long trek back to an old water hole in the



Rock where I shot my first jungle - Scaled Ox.
 We marched at 4.30, so got in a good half
 of the journey before it got hot. A good 25 miles.
 We made good going & got to the water at 11.30.
 I shot a gharial and a gharial on the way.

Jan 22

Marched at 4 am & got to our camp at
 the water hole at 11 am having knocked off
 the worst of the march before the sun got
 strong.

Jan 23

We dined at 4.15 last night and marched at
 5 Pm till 7 Pm. We then lay down where we
 were till the moon rose at 2 Pm, when we
 started & marched by its light arriving at
 Ingong (Bates' farm) at 7 am, the porters
 getting in a couple of hours later. Strangely
 enough it was a very cold night blowing
 half a gale.

We spent the day at Ingong.

Jan 24

Had a carriage out & drove into Kainohi
 at 9 am. Went out to Jimmy Skington's
 farm in the afternoon to see the horses.

hounds etc. got another mail.

Jan 25

Nairobi.

Jan 26

Nairobi, went to the races which were rather boring.

Jan 27

Nairobi. Lunched with the Cranworths. He was very seedy in bed.

Jan 28

Nairobi went to the races again - still more bored.

Jan 29

~~Nairobi~~. Left in the motor at 7 am with all our kit. Had lunch at the Blue Post - An excellent Pub owned by J. E. and run by Henderson. Arrived at Fort Hall at 4.30.

Jan 30

Left Fort Hall at 6 am & Camped near the Tana on a small stream. There is no game here, but hope to get into a lion country tomorrow. We have got some guides who profess to know where they are.



Multitudes of ticks are the worst evil. We spend most of the day picking them off.

Jan 31

Marched at 5:45 and are now encamped on a ~~run~~ whose name is a mystery. Personally I think it is the Thiba. The last party who were encamped here killed 7 lions here, so we hope for the best.

I shot a Kongoni for meat as we came along. There are literally thousands of them here. We passed 2 herds of eland - one herd being quite 50 or 60 strong, also the usual Zebra.

We had reached the ~~run~~ & on looking down over a high bank, saw 2 rhinos just across the ~~run~~ below us. C immediately gave the Bull - a big beast with a moderate head - one on the shoulder and they ran off. I tried to try & stop him but could not do so. We could not get across the ~~run~~ after him & had to let him go. Shortly after we came on two more. We got pretty close in the bare plain and I gave ^{the big one} one on the shoulder in the leg 577. He spun round & round looking all over a dead one, but just as he was about to collapse - he recovered & they rolled off. We followed and soon

Came on them again in some thin scrub. C let
 Dink at him but the only effect was to annoy him
 apparently for he spotted us & was commencing
 to charge when C bowled him over with one in the
 chest. The other one - which was a very old bull
 & evidently shrunken - would not go away but
 kept running up & down looking for us. So I gave
 him one in the big manichee - a soft nose - in the
 neck, being anxious to see what effect the tiny
 bullet would have. The effect was electrical - for he
 dropped like a log & then moved again.

They were both moderate heads and the little old Bull
 must have seen a lot of life. One ear had gone com-
 pletely & he had only a tiny stump of a tail.

On the way to camp we saw a water buck moving
 across our front. We cut him off & I was just about
 to fire when C forestalled me. He was hit right in
 the chest & we thought he was down but could not
 see, and presently he appeared crossing the river very
 sick. I gave him one hurriedly at 300 & knocked him
 over. But even then he was not done & had to have
 another when we got to him.

In the evening I went up stream to cut the Rhinos

open to attack any lions & C went down stream.
He got another water buck & saw 2 does. I shot
a Zebra for tail & a pig.

Feb 11

We were away before dawn to visit the Zebra and
Rhinos. The Zebra had not been touched but we
saw something at the Rhinos as we came up. They
turned out to be 4 or 5 Hyenas. Weacha got one
as they made off. We could find nothing else
except Kongoni & Zebra. We saw a few water
buck, but only small heads. Got back to camp
about 11 am. Lions had been heard on the other
side of camp during the night (down stream) and
the water buck C had shot in the morning & left out
had been eaten. It is a funny thing how it always
happens to me & I never expect to find a lion on
a kill now when I visit it in the morning.

I am going out again presently. The flies are awful
and I suppose I shall quite soon pick off various parts
of my body during the day.

Later. C shot another Rhinos this morning more
for tail than anything else as it was practically
on the spot the lions ate the water buck last night.

He shot a Croc on the way home through the
train, but it sunk and we saw no more of
it. Killed a Roagoni for meat, though as
usual when one wanted one - he took a lot
of getting. Most days one could shoot 20 or 30
easily.

Feb 2.

away before dawn to visit the Rhine, but as
usual it was a blank. We then separated.
I went down stream some way till I found a
large herd of water buck - about 40 or 50
with only one Bull. I could not see him clearly
but knew he must be a pretty good one to
be master of such a large herd of cows. The
latter spotted me before I could get to them
and they all made off. However I was between
them and the river and as they circled round
me, I ran & cut off the Bull & shot him
through the heart. But I knew that would
not stop a water buck and I gave him another
through the neck as he staggered off, killing
him stone dead. A very fine Buck indeed, but
his head is nothing enormous. A bit

Further on I spotted another close to the river in the long grass and after a careful stalk, I got within 100 yards and shot him through the neck, stone dead. Not quite such a good ~~one~~ head as the last, but not bad.

I now turned homeward, keeping along the river bank on the look out for a Croc. I was fortunate enough to spot one out on ~~the~~ my own side across a kind in the river. I could not see him very clearly in the grass, but I judged where his head was & gave him one with a soft nose mauler at about 40 yards, hitting him full between the shoulders & breaking his back. I was lucky to paralyze him so completely or he would have gotten in the water & escaped. I gave him one straight down his throat ~~one~~ lengthways & one crossways through the heart to finish him, but it was a long time before his tail ceased swishing. It took my gun team & myself well over an hour to skin him & I got back to camp at 3 P.M. - 10 1/2 hours on my toes under a swarting sun. The flies & bug sticks are awful here. I am

just as if I had a bad attack of measles all over and
the irritation is awful. I was covered in the ticks when
I undressed for my bath today.

Feb 3.

The Sensation of the day came yesterday evening.
I was sitting in the tent about 8.15 when C called
out to me to come & look at a big rhino. I took
my telescope & went up onto a little rise just
by camp. It was almost dark & at first I could
only make out an object which looked big in
the far light and I said it was the funniest looking
rhino I ever saw & he apparently had no head.
Just then he turned round and I saw he was a
fine big lion. It took about 2 seconds to dive
into the tent, ram on a pair of boots & seize
a rifle & a few cartridges ~~and~~ & we went for
him, our boys with our big rifles following.
(By the funniest chance we had sent Mahim out
with the shot gun to shoot quail fowl and he
had taken an Astair with his old gas pipe with
him). The lion was at work eating the kudu I
had shot 2 nights before & we got within about
300 yards when he looked round & saw us.

We had just stopped to fire, but in the one found
 he was off like a rabbit and ~~to~~ we had to have
 a galloping shot. There was just enough light
 to see the fore sight, and it was a joy ~~as~~ when
 when I heard the 2 bullets go slap, slap into
 him. ^{or one of them anyway} I fired a good half second after C & my
 bullet knocked him head over heels. But we the a
 soon he was up again doff & then a lurching
 thing happened - he met Malima who turned
 him and he ran along the face of the hill
 instead of going on. We raced after him
 & ran him to ground in a bit of thick bush.
 He was going to shoot then but was by no
 means done. It was then almost dark, one
 could just see 60 or 80 yards and we circled round
 the patch of bush trying to get a glimpse of
 him. However he solved theiddle for us, for
 as he we got above him on the hill, he made
 a dash across the open towards the river. We
 gave him a volley but without much effect
 & again cornered him in a patch of high
 grass on the bank of the river. It was now too
 dark to see more than 15 or 20 yards and the

grass was breast high. For a long time we could not locate him, but a rifle fired into the grass where we thought he was producing an instant roar & growls. There we were within 20 or 30 yards of him & too dark to see. We were debating what to do & had just lit cigarettes to try & keep off the mosquitoes which were annoying, when suddenly there was a volley of tremendous growls and a rush through the grass. We could see nothing, but either his heart or his strength failed him for he never reached us — we found in the morning he had stopped about 20 yards short by the blood & marks on the grass. So we retired slowly thinking he might follow into the short grass. Meanwhile porters arrived from camp with a lamp & my electric torch. So we advanced again on line for where we imagined him to be by the feeble light of the lamps. However he would not disclose himself and we felt it was more than foolish to go after him in that place in the dark, not knowing how badly he was hit. So we left him & returned to camp.

As dawn broke this morning we were on the



Spot & I searched the high grass pretty carefully & cautiously with our guns ready. We soon found out all about him where he had been lying etc. He had fled a bit & we traced him through the grass to the bank of the Etna. The bank was a good 12 feet high here & sheer into the Etna and immediately opposite the bank was low in the a patch of papyrus about 25 yards long. The only thing was to try the other side. We managed to wade over a couple of hundred yards higher up through the bog carrying my big gun & my camera lost his footing & disappeared from view once. We worked the high grass carefully down to the papyrus but could find no tracks or sign of him and had not reached the edge of the papyrus when there was a roar and a volley of growls & a short rush. He was straight in front of me and I gave him 2 solids from the 57. The first I think went through his shoulder & did not do much damage as that leg we afterwards discovered was already broken, but the second one we found had struck him just above the nostril & passing through

his head into his body must have fastened
up somewhere near his tail. Making on my
right fired with my 375 and I think the bullet
must have passed in near the other shoulder &
also taken him for we found it under the
skin a long way back.

All this of course we discerned afterwards,
for at the shot he disappeared from view
& there was nothing except his deep rumbling
growls to tell us what was going on. We
tried all we could to draw him again, going
to the edge of the papyrus & firing where we
thought he was. Once or twice we thought
he was coming as the growls grew fiercer
& the papyrus & reeds rustled, but nothing
happened & presently we got some porters from
camp & started to beat the patch out. All was
silent in the patch except the yell & sticks
of the trator & presently we saw him lying close to
the edge of the water covered by a dense jungle of tangled
reeds & creepers. He did not move even when poked
with a stick & was stone dead.
He had taken a long time to get, but con-



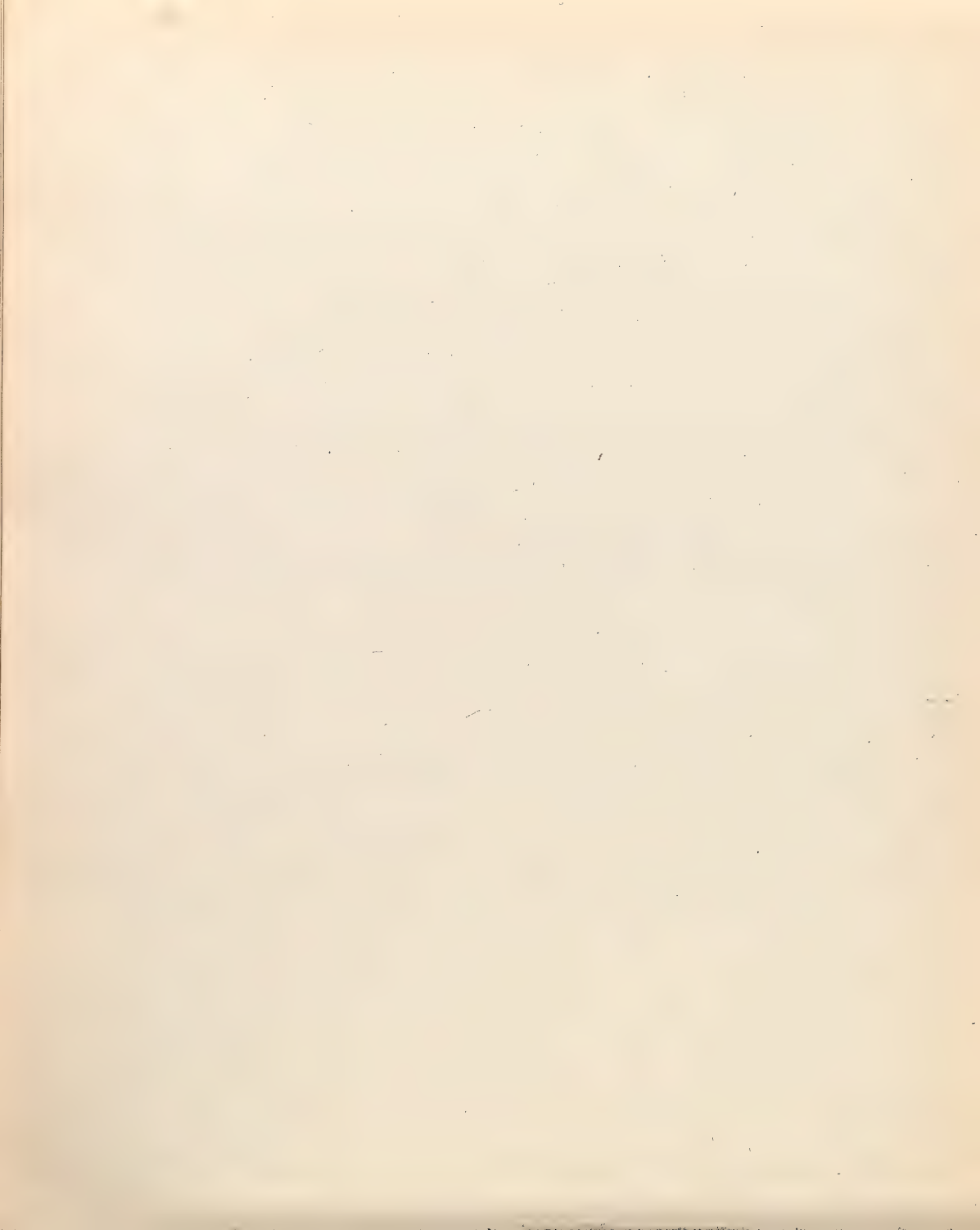
Sidring all things we were lucky to get him & not get anyone mangled.

He has got 5 bullet holes, two from last night I think & 3 this morning. C says he thinks he did not hit him at first but did the second time he tolled. I think that is most probable as the first time he was running straight away from us and there is only the one bullet hole in his back, while he had a broadside shot the second time and the hole in the shoulder would account for it.

We marched at 10 am & encamped about 12 miles down the river. There ~~does~~ not appear to be many buffaloes here so shall go on to the Tana tomorrow. C had a shot at a Cuvah cat tonight when out with his shot gun trying for a quail fowl.

Feb 4.

Marched at 5:45 & got to Camp on the Tana about 10:30, the Safari getting in an hour late. The Tana here is a fine broad river & very pretty. We saw a good



Many Buffalo tracks & met about half
a dozen old Rhinos at intervals along our
trail. They have all the horn heads.

C went up the river this morning and I went
down. I saw a couple of Gigantic Crocs but
did not get a shot. C shot 2 hippos. They are
both in the water & will have to be retrieved tomorrow.
Feb 5.

away at 5.45 to look for Buffalo.

There was a good deal of roaring during the
night which went on up till 8 am & we were
in hopes of meeting a lion. We had only been going
about half an hour when coming over a rise
we met an old Bull Buff by himself about 500
or 600 yards off. Unfortunately he saw us at
the same moment. We tried to cut him off and
had a running shot at about 350 yards but
did not hit him. Soon after we met a Rhino with
quite a respectable horn. C tried him with his man-
licher just but he hit him in the shoulder instead
of the neck and he went off but soon stopped
& she shot him through the heart in the hip & so.
It took an hour & a half to get his head skin off



And we then hunted some hills covered in the thin bush which the Buff frequent. We saw plenty of tracks but nothing else except Rhinos. We counted 17 during the morning. We worked down to the River & came to a pool where 20 or 30 Hippos were playing about - diving down & coming up to blow. I wanted one but it was no use shooting one there as he would only sink & would be quite 12 miles from camp before he floated. We heard the Macmillan Safari at work down & counted 26 shots from big guns. They must have wounded & missed heaps as we heard they only got 2. A cruel shame - on our way back up the river we came on another Safari encamped - Capt Blacker & his wife. He had been in the hills yesterday which accounts for there being no Buff there today. He had found ahead of us and got one.

Got back to camp about 2 P.M. Found the porters had returned one of C's hippos but could not find the other.

Went out again in the evening in the hope of

Getting a hippo, but saw nothing.

Feb 6.

Marched at 5.45 to a camp we had heard of as being a likely place for Buff. but the water had all dried up except in one hole where it was very foul, so we struck across for the river again ~~at~~ which we reached about 11.30. We had halted on the side of the hill overlooking the proposed camp when I suddenly discerned a lion making off up the opposite slope. Alas if we had only gone down quietly, we might have walked right on him. We each fired 3 shots at him galloping commencing at 300 yards but did not hit him though the dust & smoke flew all over him.

Found Buffalo tracks but saw nothing except Rhino, waterbuck, Impala & Kudu - none of which we want. I shot several quail & fowl in the evening.

Feb 7.

I went with C about 6.30 & took him about 5 miles on his way to Fort Hale.

En route for home. I saw him across the
 Tana & then circled round towards camp.
 After a bit I came on ahead of him.
 There was one fine bull with a good head.
 They had not seen me and I stood & watched
 them for several minutes before they saw
 me & made off. Alas! It was too much
 for me. As they dashed into the open, ~~the~~
 I saw the big bulls head & put my
 rifle & I let go. I hit him through the middle
 & he went on still showing me his broadside,
 so I took a steady shot & got him clean
 through the heart. Its contrary to law, but
 can't be helped & I must have his head
 smuggled home some how. It tapers just
 under 30 inches - a very big one for E. A.

I went out again this evening down the
 river to try for a hippo, but could not see
 one. As I was going along the edge of a
 thick bit of bush, I dashed a bush buck.
 Fortunately I had my rifle in my hand & got
 in a hasty shot. I could have sworn I hit
 him right, but he apparently took no notice

And I got off And he found at him before
 he disappeared but missed him. However when
 I got to the spot where he had disappeared, we
 found blood spoor & following it up, found
 him stone dead about 50 yards on shot right
 through the heart - my first shot.

I am glad to get him. I wanted another
 Bush back. He is only the second I have had
 a shot at & have got them both. This is an
 old fellow in the most of his hair pulled off
 & his white markings ~~is~~ turned.

Tomorrow I am going to make another
 big effort to find some Buff.

Feb 8.

A long hot day. Left Camp at 5:45 am
 & got back 6:15 pm - a long 12 hour tramp
 except for 2 hours in the middle of the day when
 I rested & had lunch. I searched very likely
 spot for Buff but found nothing but old
 tracks. 2 m. g. z. ibis came to have
 a look at me at about 20 yards. I was sitting
 under a tree at the time & did not see them till
 their snorts behind me made me jump up.

I had to fire a shot to drive them off as I did not want to kill them. Fortunately they made off or I should have had to do some quick dodging round the tree & perhaps have killed them both. As I was coming back by the river, a bushbuck jumped out & made straight at Mahimu who was only about 5 yards off. Fortunately he had my second rifle on his shoulder ^{but} ~~not~~ foremost and the little beast landed right against his chest chipping about an inch off the butt plate with his horn which was over a foot long & sharp as a needle. I had no idea they were so vicious & Mahimu tells me he has seen a man ripped right open & killed by one. A lucky shot as he bounded off broke his back & saved the day from being a blank one.

21st 9

Forced the Tana in the Safari & marched to Fort Hall which I reached about 12 noon - the Safari getting on some 2 hours later. Happened to meet Dr. Pitchard who took me into his house & gave me a most excellent

Lunch.

Feb 10.

Marched at 6 am to Makuyu - Cianworth, Ridley & Co's farm, arriving there about noon & getting a hearty welcome. Glad to hear Cianworth & Potter & Ridley himself got back from hospital Sunday. He was there with poor Grey & heard the story from Prase himself. It was nobody's fault but Grey's, but is very sad. He is the 4th white man hunted by a lion since I have been out here, & it was his first day out. It is funny how little respect for a lion a novice usually has - though Grey is not a novice.

I have decided to move to their shooting box about 9 miles from here tomorrow & try for Buff and a Roan in the hills. There are some lions too and I may drop one though they say the grass is very high.

Feb 11.

Major Ridley took me over this morning on his Mule Cart - a rough ride. The Safari came over later. I started out at 8 to try for a Roan, but never saw one all day. I got

Another Bushbuck after going about an hour -
 an easy shot as he had not seen me.

After another hour, I came on some fresh
 Buffalo tracks & presently got right in the middle
 of a herd of Cows in thick bush & high grass.

My porters were up trees like monkeys and I
 & my gun bearers were not long in getting
 atop them on the hill where you could see a little.
 They are nasty brutes in the bush & it is unpleasant
 to hear them snorting & rushing about without
 being able to see them. There were also 3 Rhinos who
 being disturbed added to the kekele. We did not know
 they were cows till later. The Rhinos came out
 first and after being about went off. Then came
 a rush & out came a party of about a dozen
 Cows & 3 part grown Calves. They came straight
 up the hill & knowing I could not keep above
 them, I went down to the side & they passed me
 about 20 yards off. I could have shot any one,
 but it was like my luck to find them all cows.
 Meanwhile another party had made off down the
 bush & these I suspect were bulls, though one
 could not see them.

a little further on in some more dense bush & grass I came on some more. This time there was a rush & they went off & as one could not see more than a few yards I was glad to get out about half an hour later on to the hill side. I worked along the top & the other face of the hills which is much more open, but had no sight of a roan which I was hoping for. A very hot day & very hard work & I was pretty beat when I got in at 5 pm.

This is a delightful little house & I have all the comforts of a table cloth & napkin, a glass to drink out of - a bed to sleep on, 2 easy chairs & at least a big tin bath. I shall not like turning out in the dark tomorrow, but I feel my best chance is to try & catch the Buff feeding in the morning before he retires to the thick stuff to spend the day. So to bed early.

Feb 12.

Away at 5.15 am & back at 5 pm - a very long, very hard & very hot day, and a blank one again except for a pig I shot to save it from absolute blankness.

I worked along the top of the hills the other way to start with & then turned down into the gigantic valley the other side & hunted that out - without a sight or smell of a Buff or Roan. I had to climb back a good 2,000 feet & was pretty stone cold when I got in. However I have one more whole day left & will try the other way again tomorrow. The going was better today as the Buff only stop in the dense stuff - the only thing is to go in after them & hope for the best.
 Feb 13.

Hard work rewarded at last in the shape of a pair of Buff. Alas! one is a Cow, which is hard lines as it was impossible to tell the difference. The Bull is a good one and a fine big head.

I was away at 5.30 and had not been going an hour when I came on quite fresh Spoor. I followed it over the hill and after a bit I saw Buffalo moving the best part of a mile away below me in one of the deep valleys. I was not long getting down



to them on a spur between the 2 valleys. At first there appeared to be about 40 or 50 nearly all cows, but at last I found a bull and had a go at him with my manlicher at some distance of 150 yards. It was impossible to get nearer on account of all the cows. I hit him badly in the shoulder but there was no time to see more as there was a tremendous rush & out came about 100 Buffs. They split up into small parties coming up to the valleys on either side of me & on to the spur in between & we had to clear pretty quick.

I call it pretty quick, but for my own part it was very slow and I panted along a good 100 yards behind my dogs. But I had my 470 & kept one eye over my shoulder.

However we all slowed up presently and we gave our attention to one valley which was full of small parties of 5 & 6 Buff. Every now & again you could catch glimpses of them in the dense bush below, but it was next to impossible to tell the bulls from the cows as you could only see their backs.

After about an hour of this, the porter I had brought out with me & had left on the top of the hill when I started to stalk down, not knowing where I had gone, had circled round & got to the end of the valley where I had fired. The wind was blowing from there & the Buff got it abright & began to dash about. We were pretty high up by this time, we then about 50 yards of the dearest little party of Buff. We saw several parties of cows break corn & dash away & then a party of 6 broke about 200 yards away on the opposite side of the valley & came down towards us making for the thick bush. An unmistakable old bull headed the rush & I sat down and let him have it with my Mauser as he showed his roadside about 100 yards off. I hit him to an inch I was sure as I heard the bullet strike home and I felt sure as I saw his antics as he disappeared in the bush - that he had got it in the heart.

There was not a sound, except ~~as~~ when

Several other small parties broke. After a fit we started to go down. I thought they had all pretty well cleared, but Mahina said the bush was plenty full of them yet. So we started fires as we went down cautiously to try & smoke out any about us. We had got down to within 40 or 50 yards of where he had disappeared & were standing peering into the bush, when I suddenly saw it quiver in front of me. Mahina yelled "Run! they come!" and he was right. Out burst a party of 6 as we rushed for the fire behind us & they went by where we had been standing. An enormous bear headed the rush & we saw them crashing through the bush presently to emerge in an open space on the hill side. Mahina said "Shoot the first, he fell!" They had about 50 yards to go in the open and I had a fairly steady shot with my new 470. The result was beyond all expectations. The bear went down as if poll-axed, turned one some said & lay against a tree with all four legs in the air.

I got one kick. A most extraordinary shot.
 By degrees we worked down to it and alas
 it was a gigantic cow. It was hard lines,
 but was not my fault. We then sneaked along
 to look for the other - a nasty performance
 if he was wounded. We totted 2 more lots
 in the process and in one of them I am al-
 most certain I saw the bull I had just shot
 at. By the time I could see him, he was too
 far to shoot & I only had a momentary
 glimpse - but there certainly was a bull going
 very sick. Presently Malim found the
 bull we were looking for, fortunately for us,
 stone dead - shot clean through the heart
 lying in some thick bush where he had disap-
 peared when I fired. He must have died almost
 instantly without a sound.
 It took a long time to skin & cut up the enormous
 carcass and I got back at 4 P.M. quite pleased
 with myself, for I had worked hard & taken
 infinite pains.
 Tomorrow morning I will have another go for
 the Swan & must get on to Makaze in

the Afternoon En Route for Nairobi by motor
on Wednesday.

Feb 14.

I was away at dawn, trying the other and
gentler slope of the hill. It was open bush with
some patches of long grass, though everywhere the
grass was over my knees. I had only been going
about 2 hours when I saw a party of Roan. I could
only see 1 Cow and the backs of some others. I stalked
& crawled in to within 200 yards when a Cow saw my
hat & they moved off - 4 Cows and 1 Bull. I
followed about a mile without getting a shot
but keeping out of view, till suddenly coming over
a rise I found them grazing in the bottom about
200 yards off. Away they dashed up the opposite
rise, but I was certain they would stop when a
look at me so sat down & waited. They stopped
just as I expected & I let the bull have it in -
moderately, knocking him over dead at about 350
yards. Quite a good head for this part - 22 inches.
I am very pleased, he is the only one I have seen &
it was a good shot.

Back to lunch at the Bungalow - Ksitito - & then

rode on to Ridley's, who had sent his pony for me.
Feb 15.

A long & I caught the motor from Fort Hall about 11 a.m. A wazy wazy journey to Nainoli, stopping at every spring to water & cool the engine. We had 10 white men, 20 natives and 30 or 40 tons of baggage on the worst road one can imagine.

Feb 16

Nainoli - a busy day.

Feb 17

Caught the midday train to Kaim where I arrived about 4.30 & rode out to Lambert's farm.

He gives poor accounts of lions just now, but there may be one around before long. There are many here at times. He has seen between 40 & 50 this last year, & has had as many as 12 all together round the house. It is only a few miles away on the plain where Greg was so mauled, you can see the place distinctly.

Feb 18

Went away at dawn to a small rocky kopje a little more than a mile away from where you can get an extraordinary good

view of the plain for miles. Unfortunately there was a very thick mist - the ~~first~~^{second} I have seen in this country and we could not see 20 yards till about 7.30 when it began to clear. We searched the whole surrounding country with our glasses and all the lion haunts, but there was nothing to be seen except the customary ~~zab~~ Kougou etc.

The goat we had tied upon the hill behind the house for a leopard that has there had not been touched. Lambert shot a Kougou for food. Nothing else doing.

I went upon the hill behind the house in the evening on the chance of getting a glimpse of the leopard, but naturally the chance did not come off.

Feb 19

We went down onto the edge of the plain at dawn following a doaga, which is a favourite place for lions & where they killed 3 a short time ago, but as might be expected we saw nothing & no tracks of lion or leopard. There was a heavy thick mist and we could only

See a key short way.

I went out again in the evening to try & shoot a Tsha but could not get near them on the plain. The lions have evidently all moved off from the neighborhood for the moment.

Feb 20

Went out again as soon as it was light & shot a waterhole 2 or 3 miles away to see if lions had used it & if so to spoon them - but as usual a blank. We hunted a likely bit of bush where they often are & so home. The lions have all moved from this part for the time being which is just like my luck.

I shot a Grant's Antelope on my way to the station for food & caught the train at 4 PM, arriving MToto andrei about midnight.

Feb 21

Away at daybreak after sleeping at the station. The country is all thick bush in the some more or less open glades. I saw 2 ewa kunda but nothing else except a Rhino. We were able to spot him by the tick birds rising in the air, otherwise we should have been on the top of him.



before we saw him. Saw plenty of Kudu tracks & some Oryx. I moved in the afternoon to a spot Lambert & Ridgely had told me of where they had shot their Kudu & encamped on a small river about 5 miles from the station.

Feb 22

Away at dawn I hunted all the country round camp. I found fresh Buffalo tracks & some Oryx but very few Kudu tracks. I saw some Waterbuck & a few Kougoni. So I determined to move again this afternoon and he he he took through the station and am now encamped 2 miles the other side practically on the line, where Lowther & Baker encamped last year before I came out.

I tried to make my way across country but found the bush impenetrable & had to make my way back to the path. At one point when we had been crawling down a game path for a couple of hundred yards practically on hands & knees - Malima who was leading came on a Rhino. Fortunately the wind was light and he did not spot us, for if he had charged down a

that path we should have been full. I shot 2 Zebras on the way back but had to leave them out as I had no porters with me. I hope the Hyenas won't find them & so spoil their skins. 2 days gone now out of 4 & not a shot at a Kudu.

It is awfully hot here & impossible to do anything after 10 am. Fortunately this morning there was a steady drizzle which kept one cool. The rains look like breaking as there is a lot of cloud about & we had a tremendous storm coming down in the train. I hope they will hold off till I have had my try for a Sable.

Feb 23

Another disappointing day. I was away before it was really light. I had not been going long before I came on some Kudu about 70 yards. At least I could just see grey shadows, but could not distinguish what was what & I had just taken my glass to see what they were when they spotted me and were gone. It was hard lines - in another 5 mins I could have seen clearly & made a certainty of one. I hunted the whole surrounding country without any luck and

About 10 o'clock, I had just handed my rifle to Mahima to raise my arms a little, when out dashed a nice Bull about 25 yards off & dropped.

It was a little hard! I don't suppose I should have got him but I could have had as much shot at him. It was the only minute of the day I was not carrying my rifle myself.

A little later while on the edge of some thick bush, there was a snort and a rush and out dashed a Rhinoceros. At least he never got as far as us for I ran him a nasty one at about 15 yards with my Maubeki & skipped for a tree. It was quite enough for him - he stopped dead short & spun round & made off as hard as he could.

I lay up under a tree from 11:30 to 2 P.M. & then hunted round towards camp, getting here about 4. I am now going to have a cup of tea & go out again for an hour in the pretty well vain hope of getting a shot.

I shot another Zebra that came to investigate my tree as I was resting.



Feb 24

I have got a Lesser Kudu at last though
 he is a poor one. I saw nothing last night.
 I was away at day break today to try the other
 side of the line. It was about 3 hours before
 I found anything except a fine old Bull
 Gnaaffe & a few Kougoni, & then I suddenly
 spotted a karkass feeding just inside the
 bush. Making with the glass made out that
 it was a bull with horns, so, though I could
 only see his stem, I determined to chance it
 & let go at where I thought he should be ought
 to be. Out he jumped into the open shot through
 the middle & quick as thought - I saw him
 another knocking him over stone dead. At
 the second shot out jumped 5 more, all young
 bulls & galloped off. I gave them a couple
 of flying shots - naturally without any effect
 as it was more like trying to shoot rabbits
 in whins than anything else. I followed them
 about a mile, but could not get to terms &
 returned to the one I had shot. He was a
 fine young full grown Bull - but alas!

his head is a poor one. Still he is a Lesser Kudu and he has taken me 4 hard days to get.

I got back to camp about midday, having seen 2 more young bulls, but not getting a shot.

Moved camp in the evening & am now waiting for the train to go to Mombasa.

Feb 25.

Arrived Mombasa about 11. Mr. Brice met me & told me the Safari was all ready.

Met Bulkeley, Johnson & Hamilton in the Club & dined with them.

Picked up my Safari about 3.30 & started for the ferry about 4 P.M. Sailed OK & encamped about a mile from the harbor, there being no more water for a long way.

Feb 26.

Marched at 3.30 - about 20 miles.

The Safari were sometime coming along so I did not make camp till after 1 P.M.

The heat is terrific - I never felt anything

like it. I am encamped under a gigantic
Mango tree by a native village on the top
of a great hill. The shade is delicious and
I have had palm leaves laid down on the
outside my tent so there is no dust. I ate
or rather drunk green coconuts for the
first time. They are delicious & most refresh-
ing. I swallowed the contents of 4 straight
off & anticipated a bad turning-ache, but
fortunately my fears were groundless.

The man turned up whom I had had sent
out 5 days ago from Montasa to locate
the Sable & says he has seen a good many.
So hope for the best.

Feb 27.

Away in the dark at this morning for
one of the worst days I have had this trip.

Pride has had its fall, for I imagined I was
infallible with my Maubiche. I certainly
had had luck but I had my chances.

I spotted a Sable Bull apparently alone
about 6:15 & started to stalk him. He had
moved when I got where I intended but I saw

him standing outside a bit of thick brush in a small hollow. The Sun was still very low & right on his back, but there was no time to lose as he was looking straight at me. I could not see my foresight at all in the sun and I fired high. For some extraordinary reason he did not move & though I was practically blinded I gave him another quick as lightning pointing my rifle (for I could not see the sight at all) a little lower. I heard the bullet go slap & he pitched forward & disappeared, but I did not know much as I knew it must have hit him in the chest, which was the only part exposed. Just then from behind me there was a rush & a party of cows with one bull galloped past me!

I let go at the bull & missed him, but let go again as quick as I could & knocked him head over heels; but he was up again and off in a second, so I gave him another — a huss fue !!

The first one was my first care. He was not to be seen, but we soon lit off his

tracks. He was bleeding hard and I expected
 to find him stone dead, but for hours I did
 we patiently followed his spoor over hills &
 through awful bush (filled with Buffalo)
 till I was done. He had stopped several times,
 when he had bled a lot, but I am certain
 the wound must have been only a flesh one
 or we should have found ^{him}. If I had hit him full
 in the chest, I must have pierced his lungs
 or heart. The trail was very hard to follow
 in the long grass & bush & I shall never
 forget the heat. I have never felt anything like
 it in my life. I was rarely sweat, but I was
 just as if I had fallen into the water & my
 gun barrels were the same. My head was
 singing & I could hardly drag myself along.
 When coming over a hill top, I came on
 another small party - it was about 5
 cows. They dashed off into a thick bit of
 bush & presently appeared on the other side
 & moved along the hill side into another
 bit of bush. So I cut across and took up
 a position about 300 yards from where

I expected them to smudge, ready for them in the Maluma with the glass to spot the bull for me. They were in the deep shadow of the trees, where it was impossible to make out what was what with the naked eye when he indicated the bull. It was a difficult shot, but it came off & to my joy I saw him go down kicking.

But when we got to "him" - the bubble burst! It was a great old Cow! There is some excuse for him as she is practically black and has a 22 inch head. My return journey to camp was not of the happiest - 2 bulls lost and a cow killed and the sun something I can never describe. I dare say the temp may have gone down to 72° in the shade, but no thermometer could register the sun heat. I got back to camp about 1 PM - done to the world. But 5 coconuts and 4 large mugs of lime juice & water helped to refresh me and after a good lunch - I feel determined to wipe out the bad day tomorrow or the day after. The two bulls I shot were not mortally struck - of that I am certain anyway or I would have found them.

They told me in Mombasa there were no
Buffals here, so I came with out a heavy
rifle. As it is I found fresh tracks in every
bit of bush. Some not greater of an hour
old, and I felt very uncomfortable crawling
about there expecting to be charged any
minute. I respect the homely Buff on the
Bush!! and the bush in these valleys is bad.
Feb 28

Away at 5 a.m in the dark and it was not
till after 8 I spotted an old Bull Sable by himself
moving quietly along the edge of a bit of burnt ground
towards a bit of thick bush. He was quite a mile
away, so off we went. I was afraid he would
stalk into the bush before I could get to him, but
he was taking things very easily and I got to him
when he was still 100 yards outside. I had been
out of sight of him practically the whole way and
when I arrived at the place he ought to have been
I could see nothing of him. However coming on a
little cautiously I came on him not 400 yards off.
He spotted me fast & dashed off for the bush.
But he had to cross me to get there & I felt he

was mine. I took him very steadily & shot him right through the neck as he galloped ^{past me}. Once he went head over heels, but he made another gallant effort & got up & started off again only to get another through the neck which dropped him stone dead. How he managed to get up after the first I can't imagine & he must have died in a few yards, but I was taking no more chances after yesterday. A fine head for E. A. It would have been a record a month ago when Murray killed a 40 Incher. Mine is 36 and is I think about the ^{next} biggest.

I saw nothing else as I worked round campwards except 2 cows & calves & got in at 10:45 to avoid the terrible heat.

I forgot that as we went out this morning we visited one of the native game pits & found a young bush-buck in it. They are cunning affairs & ^{the natives} must get a good deal of game during the year.

I hope I can get another Sable tomorrow on C's license and can get back to Mountasa. The heat is truly terrible in the sun and it is

hard work hunting in it. Fortunately there are no mosquitos to speak of though I sleep under a net.

My tent is pitched under a gigantic mango tree. The mangos keep falling and I savor them & Coconuts. I get a bee & too, so my camp is really very nice. I am on a great hill looking down on Mountasa 20 miles away & more and the sea beyond.

March 1

Away in the dark at 5 a.m. for a blank day. I got in just before midday very done having seen nothing in the shape of a Sable except the 2 cows & calves I have seen every day.

I saw a herd of Buffalo ~~the~~ however - about 20 or 30 come out of a piece of thick bush & cross the open to another piece. They were in the high grass, but I was looking down on them & could see them well. I did not go for them as I had no excuse and I wanted another Sable badly. I shall stay here tomorrow anyhow & have another go though I fear they have moved off somewhere.

The heat out hunting was absolutely fierce. I don't get the bees down in the low hills down here. I am absolutely drenched through & through - an extraordinary thing for me. I smoked 7 Cocoa nuts this morning. They are the best and most refreshing things I ever tasted. The Camp is beginning to smell and my throat is a little sore - so I shall be glad to get away.

March 2

Away at 5 am for another long blank day not getting in till nearly 1 pm. I tried the other side of camp today. The hills are big there and a great deal of very thick bush. A trying day. I saw 6 cows & Sable on the way back but nothing else.

So tomorrow I shall hunt the other side again & cut across on to the Montasa path & go in. I expect it will be a long hot day - but I hope to get to Montasa to lunch. I suppose about 25 miles.

I had an awful pain in the ball of my foot this afternoon which swelled up like mad, and I discovered I had got some Jiggers in. One

of the natives has just extracted 3 in the
needle. I hope they are all out - they hurt
like the devil.
7 Coconuts this morning. Topping things.

March 3

A bad night and I started at 4.30 this
morning. I first of all hunted all the
likely ground for Sable and then tramped
to Mt. Mombasa. I suppose I did nearly
25 miles & got in at 12 noon. The
heat was terrific and I sweated as I
never sweated before as I was going
back over 4 miles an hour once I struck
the path. I stopped twice & drove
Mangos & coconuts. The Safari got
in 2 or 3 hours later, having come the
short way. I was pretty footsore from
the jiggers.

A good bath & lunch put me right &
I was ready for anything again.
So ends my hunting in E.A. for this
trip. If I had only got half a dozen

N. B. I have had a note from Lambert saying that the day after I left his farm at Abu, 2 lions turned up and his boys found them on the road to the station about 2 miles from his house. The next day his boys found the leopard on the hill behind the house and he went out & shot it.

This is a fair sample of my work.

hous as I hoped for - I should have
had a real good trip - but I think I have
done well on the whole.

Including everything - I have shot 39
different varieties of birds on the 2
trips & have killed 33 varieties this trip.
Between us we got 34 varieties - the one
I did not get being hippo, while I shot
~~39~~ 39 C did not get.

Considering I have had no luck at all - it is
not so bad. I have hardly missed an op-
portunity since the first fortnight & have
had a lot of very difficult shots.

March 4. Mountasa.

March 5. Mountasa.

March 6. Went on board this morning
& we sail tomorrow morning.

March 7. Sail for England

Lion	1	/
Rhino	4	/
Hippo		/
Buffalo	3	/
Gnaffe	1	/
Shand	4	/
Oryx (Calotis)	2	/
Water Buck	4	/
Wildbeest	3	/
C. Hartbeest.	5	/
Grant.	4	/
Roberts	2	/
Bushbuck.	4	/
Impala.	8	/
Reedbuck.	4	/
C. Reedbuck.	1	/
Topi.	5	/
Geniak.	2	/
Tomu.	5	/
Dik dik.	1	/
Dunken.	1	/
Suni.		/
Agrean.		/

Jackall	1	
Cervat Cat.	2	
Cocodile	1	
Pig.	1	
Pythou.	2	
Colobus Monkey.	2	
Inanabont.		
Lebra	1	
Roan	1	
Lessu Kudu	1	
Sable	1	

Elephant	2	
J. Hartbeest	3	
H. Hartbeest.	1	
Petasi.	3	
Oryx (Bisa)	2	
Oubi.	1	

Elephant.	2
Jackson. H.	3
Newman H.	1
Petersi.	3
Oryx.	2
Oribi	1

ticket

1 Lesser Kudu. 1 Rhino. 1 Roan. 1 Zebra. 1 Pig. 1 Cow. 1 Sable

3 Buffs	-	4 Stand.
4 Walatuck	-	4 Oryx.
2 Wildbeest. 2 Topi	-	3 Kougoni.

2 Bush Buck 2 Toms, 2 Grants, 2 Petersi, 2 Roberts, 2 Gnuant
 2 Impala. 2 Reedbuck. 1 C Buck. 1 Dark Dark. 1 Dink. 1 Sami. 1 Oribi

